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Thirty-eight Songs for Camp Concerts

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THIRTY-EIGHT SONGS

FOR

CAMP CONCERTS

with added Vocal parts for Open-air Singing

ADAPTED, ARRANGED AND EDITED BY

H. WALFORD DAVIES.

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PREFACE.

THESE songs are issued for immediate use at Camps. They are selected from a larger volume which has been prepared for the National Adult School Union, the Co-operative Holidays Association, and other Societies, and which is shortly to be published.

The so-called FREE PARTS are added to make the songs useful, not only as solos with piano accompaniment in the ordinary way, but also for two or three voices, or for solo and chorus where there is no instrument, in the open-air or anywhere. It is hoped that they may form a handy nucleus of music for the use of men on active service who are able to sing in parts and who may form small regimental choirs. A companion volume of *Thirty Songs Old and New* specially arranged for unaccompanied male voices has also been issued, price 3*d*. net in a pocket edition.

The songs in the present volume are so arranged that the melody, together with the added parts, constitutes a harmony (mostly three-part) for Tenor, Baritone and Bass voices (or in the case of boys' or ladies' choirs for Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano and Alto voices). When men use the book, basses must always sing the lower of the free-parts. The tenors and medium voices must always share the melody and the upper free-part, each taking the part most appropriate to their compass. Sometimes it is best for them to change horses (by some neat pre-arrangement) in the middle of the stream.

NOTES AS TO PERFORMANCE OF SOME OF THE SONGS.

No. 1. The highest free-part should only be used by tenor voices.

No. 2. May be sung in A flat or A.

No. 3, 12, 15, 16, 23, 26, 31. In all these the bass of the accompaniment to the chorus may be freely sung by bass voices, if desired.

No. 4. The highest free-part may be sung an octave higher at the words "BIRDS OF THE AIR."

No. 8. The highest free-part on its entry may be sung an octave higher for a bar and a quarter.

No. 11. May be sung in E major.

No. 17. If the chorus be sung by men only, the tenors should take the air, the second voices should sing the upper of the free-parts and the basses should sing the extra bass line. If sung by mixed choir the altos and tenors should sing the two free-parts in their right pitch.

No. 21. May well be sung in E or F major when sung by men.

No. 26. May be sung in E or E flat major.

For many kind permissions readily given to use copyright words and melodies, acknowledgments are gratefully offered:

to Mr. Arthur L. Salmon for the words of Nos. 15, 20, 24;

to Mr. Cecil Sharp and Messrs. J. Curwen for the words and melodies of Nos. 9, 30, 37; and to the latter for No. 31;

to Messrs. Boosey & Co. for the words of No. 2;

to Messrs. John Heywood, Ltd. for the words of No. 17;

to Dr. R. R. Terry for the words and melody of No. 25;

to Mr. G. E. H. Keesey for the words of No. 27;

to Mr. Gerald Gould for the words of No. 33;

to Messrs. Methuen, Ltd. for the words and melody of No. 35.

H. WALFORD DAVIES.

TEMPLE CHURCH, E.C.,
August, 1915.

AULD LANG SYNE.

BURNS. SCOTTISH MELODY.

(SOLO)

1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And
2. We twa ha'e run a - bout the braes, And
3. We twa ha'e pai - d'lt - i' the burn Frae

(*Stately, vigorous*)

f *p*

ne-ver brought to min'? Should auld acquaintance be for-got And days o' lang_ syne!
pu'd the gow - ans fine; But we've wan-der'd mony a wea - ry fit Sin' auld__ lang_ syne!
morn-ing sun till dine; But seas be-tween us braid ha'e roar'd Sin' auld__ lang_ syne!

(SOLO AND CHORUS)

f

FOR AULD__ LANG__ SYNE, MY DEAR, FOR AULD__ LANG__ SYNE; WE'LL

FREE PARTS

f

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

TAK' A CUP O' KIND - NESS YET FOR AULD__ LANG__ SYNE!

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

4. And here's a hand my trusty fren'
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a richt guid willie-waught
For auld lang syne!

5. And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

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THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY.

(CLYCHAN ABERDYFI.)

English words by
WALTER MAYNARD.
(slightly altered.)

WELSH MELODY.

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(Tranquilly.)

p

1. In the peaceful eve-ning time,—
2. When at morn I used to hear,—

(Fine.)

ppp *p* *(pp)*

Ped. ✻

Oft I lis - ten to the chime,— To the dul - cet, ring - ing rhyme Of the
O'er the hills their voi - ces clear,— Then would they my young heart cheer, Sweet

bells of Ab - er - do - vey.
bells of Ab - er - do - vey.

One, two, three, four, hark they ring! Ah
One, two, three, four, love - ly sound! And

long-lost thoughts to me they bring, The— bells of Ab - er - do - vey.
then the ech - oes would re-sound, To the bells of Ab - er - do - vey.

Words from the "Songs of Wales" by kind permission of Messrs Boosey & Co

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p

I first heard them long a - go, When care - less and light-heart-ed,
All their mu - sic seem'd to me To ring with mirth and plea - sure,

p

Think - ing not of com - ing woe, Nor of bright days de - part - ed;
Then I sang right mer - ri - ly To their me - lo - dious mea - sure;

NOW THOSE YEARS ARE PAST AND GONE, "WHEN THE STRIFE OF LIFE IS DONE,

(FREE PARTS.)

p

One, two, three, four,

a tempo

PEACE IS FOUND IN HEAV'N A - LONE," SAY THE BELLS OF AB - ER - DO - VEY.

a tempo

"Peace is found in Heav'n a - lone," Say the bells of Ab - er - do - vey.

a tempo

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CAMPTOWN RACES.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

f

mf

1. De Camp-town la - dies sing dis song,
2. De long-tail filly, and de big black hoss,
3. Ole Mu - ley cow come on to de track,
4. See dem flyin' on a ten - mile heat,

Doo - dah, Doo-dah!

p

De Camp-town race-track five miles long,
Dey fly de track an' dey both cut a-cross,
De bob - tail fling her o-ber his back,
Roun' de race - track den re - peat,

Oh—— doo - dah - day!

I come down dah wid my hat caved in,
De blind hoss stickin' in a big mud hole,
Den fly a - long like de rail-road car,
I win my money on de bob-tail nag,

Doo-dah, Doo-dah!

I
Can't
And
I

go back home wid a pocket full of tin,
touch de bottom wid a ten - foot pole,
run a race wid a shoot- in' star,
keep my money in a ole tow - bag,

OH____ DOO - DAH - DAY!

f (CHORUS.)

GWINE TO RUN ALL NIGHT, GWINE TO RUN ALL

DAY! I'LL_ BET MY MONEY ON DE BOB - TAIL NAG,

SOME - BO - DY BET ON DE BAY.

(*After last verse repeat Chorus ad lib. then end thus.*)

GWINE TO RUN ALL DAY!

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COCK ROBIN.

NURSERY RHYME

TRADITIONAL

Not too slowly.

mf

1. Who killed Cock Robin?
2. Who saw him die?
3. Who'll toll the bell?

mp

Ped. * Ped.

pp

I, said the sparrow, With my bow and arrow, I killed Cock Robin
I, said the fly, With my lit - tle eye, I saw him die.
I, said the bull, Be-cause I can pull, I'll toll the bell.

p

(CHORUS.)

p

ALL THE BIRDS OF THE AIR FELL A - SIGH - ING AND A - SOB - BING, WHEN THEY

p

pp

HEARD OF THE DEATH OF POOR COCK ROB - IN, WHEN THEY HEARD

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OF THE DEATH OF POOR COCK - ROB - IN.

TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA, TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA,

TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA, TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA.

After final chorus.

Who'll dig his grave?
I, said the owl,
With my little trowel,
I'll dig his grave.

Who'll be the parson?
I, said the rook,
With my bell and book,
I'll be the parson.

Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the dove,
I'll mourn for my love,
I'll be chief mourner.

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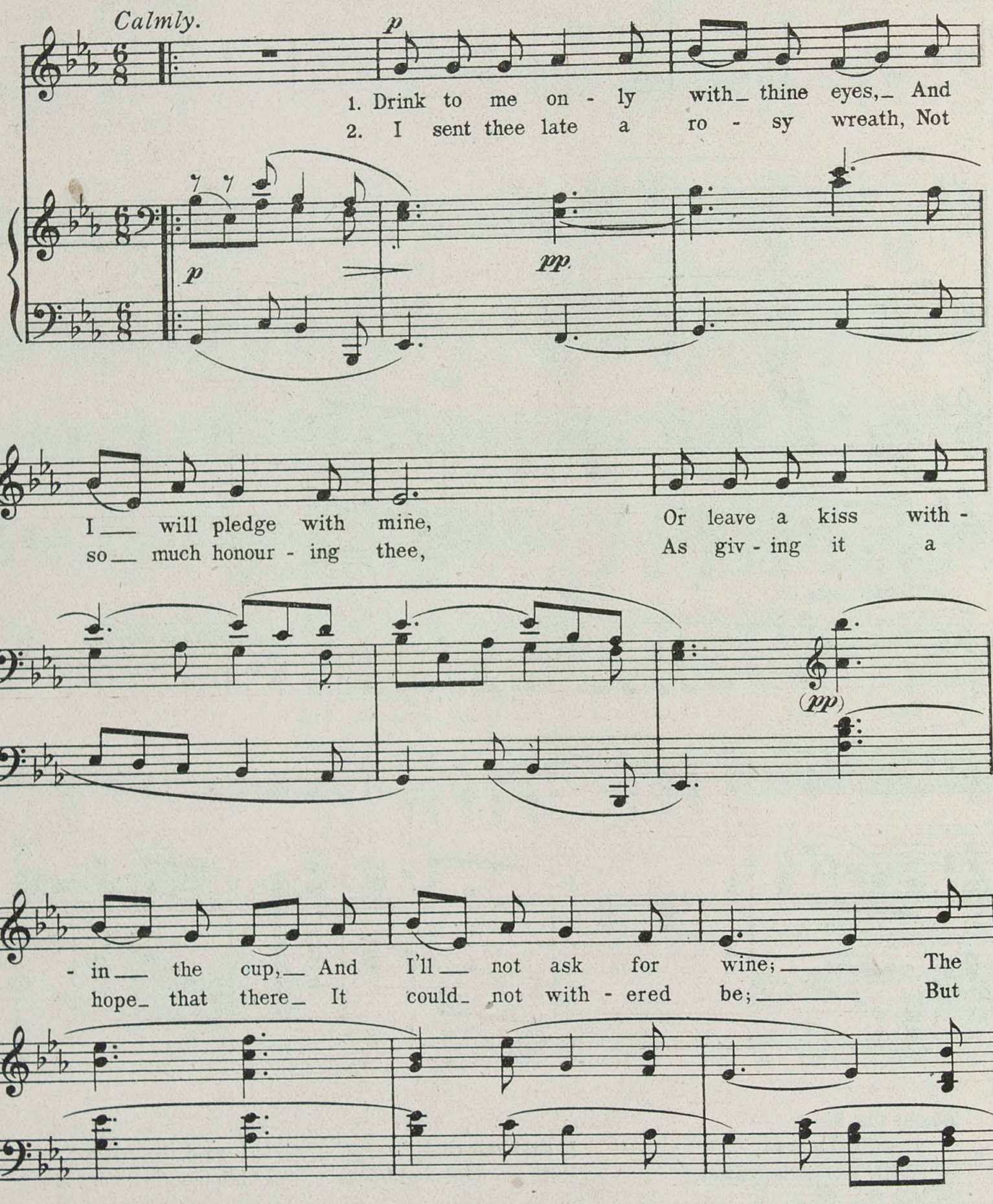
5 DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

BEN JONSON.

18th CENTURY MELODY.


Calmly.
p
1. Drink to me on - ly with_ thine eyes,_ And
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not
p
pp
I___ will pledge with mine, Or leave a kiss with -
so___ much honour - ing thee, As giv - ing it a
(pp)
- in___ the cup,__ And I'll___ not ask for wine;_____ The
hope_ that there_ It could_ not with - ered be;_____ But

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cresc.

thirst — that from the soul — doth rise Doth
thou — there - on did'st on - ly breathe, And

cresc.

f

Ped.

ask a drink — di - vine, — But might I of Jove's
send'st it back — to me, — Since when it grows, and

(*p*)

p

(*p*)

nec - tar sip, — I would not change for thine. —
smells I swear, Not of — it - self but thee. —

(*p*)

(*expressively*)

Ped.

DULCE DOMUM.

JOHN READING

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f SOLO.

Come, com-pan - ions, join your voi - ces,
Quit, my wea - ry muse, your la - bours,

mf

Hearts with pleas - ure bound - ing, Sing we the no - ble lay,
Quit your books and learn ing; Ban - ish all care a - way,

Sweet song of hol - i - day, Joys of home sweet home re - sound - ing.
Wel - come the hol - i - day, Hearts for home and free - dom yearn - ing.

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f CHORUS.

HOME SWEET HOME, WITH EV - 'RY PLEAS - URE, HOME WITH EV - 'RY

f (FREE PARTS)

* DO - MUM! DO - MUM! DUL CE DO - MUM, DUL - CE DO - MUM_

(S.A.T.B. CHORUS OR ACCOMPANIMENT.)

f

BLESS - ING CROWNED; HOME, OUR BEST DE - LIGHT AND_ TREAS - URE,

RE - SO - NE - MUS, DO - MUM! DO - MUM! DUL CE__ DO - MUM,_

HOME! THE WEL - COME___ STRAIN RE - SOUND!

DUL - CE DO - MUM___ RE - SO - NE-MUS!

f

* Alternative Latin refrain.

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7 A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

OLD BALLAD.
Adapted by C.H. Purday.

In homely fashion.

mf

mf (conversationally)

1. I'll sing you a good old song ____ that was made by a good old pate, Of a
2. His hall so old was hung a-bout with ___ pikes and guns and bows, And
3. His cus-tom was when Christmas came to ___ bid his friends re-pair, To

p

fine old Eng-lish gen-tle-man who had an old es-tate; And who
swords and good old buck-lers which had stood some tough old blows; 'Twas
his old hall where feast and ball for them he did pre-pare; But

kept up his old man-sion at a boun-ti-ful old rate, With a
there his wor-ship sat in state in doub-let and trunk hose, And
though the rich he en-ter-tain'd, he ne'er for-got the poor, Nor

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good old port - er to re - lieve the old poor at his gate. LIKE A
quaff'd his cup of good old sack to com-fort his old nose. LIKE A
was the house-less wan - der - er e'er driv - en from the door. OF THIS
f
f
(CHORUS)
FINE OLD ENG-LISH GEN-TLE-MAN, ALL_ OF THE OLD - EN TIME, LIKE A
CHORUS (harmonized)
Like a
May be used after final verse.
ff
FINE OLD ENG-LISH GEN-TLE-MAN, ALL OF THE OLD-EN TIME. All_ of the old-en time.
fine old Eng-lish gen-tle-man, All_ of the old - en time. All_ of the old - en time.
ff

4.

Yet all at length must bend to fate! so like the ebbing tide,
Declining gently to the last this fine old man he died;
The widows and the orphan's tears, bedew'd his cold grave side,–
And where's the scutcheon that can shew so much the worth and pride
Of a fine old English gentleman.

5.

Now times and seasons they must change and customs pass away,
Yet English hands and English hearts will prove old England's sway;
And though our coffers mayn't be filled as they were filled of yore,
We still have hands to fight, if need, and hearts to help the poor
Like a fine old English gentleman.

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THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

MRS COCKBURN.

SCOTTISH MELODY.

Gently.

p

1. I've seen the smi - ling Of for - tune be-guil - ing, I've tast - ed her plea-sures and
2. I've seen the morn - ing With gold the hills a-dorn - ing, And loud tempests storm-ing be -

pp

felt her de - cay; Sweet was her bless - ing, Kind her ca - ress - ing, But
fore part - ing day, I've seen Tweed's silver streams, Glitt'ring in the sunny beams, Grow

(FREE PARTS)

(*pp*)

(*pp*)

now they are fled, they are fled far a - way.
drum - lie an' dark as they roll'd on their way.

3rd VERSE. (*Chorus may join here.*)

f

3. O fickle for - tune_ Why this cru - el sport - ing? O

why thus per - plex__ us poor sons_ of a day? Thy

frown_ can - na fear__ me, Thy smile can - na cheer me Sin' the

p *pp*

(*p*)

flow'rs o' the for - est are a' wede a - way.

(*pp*)

(*pp*)

*The upper part may be sung an octave lower.

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THE GOLDEN VANITY.

FOLK SONG

(*Breezily.*)

mf

1. A ship I have got in the North Coun-try And she goes_ by the name of the Gold-en Van - i - ty, O I
2. To the Cap - tain then up - spake the lit-tle Cab-in boy, He said, What is my fee,_ if the gal-ley I des-troy, O the
3. Of sil - ver and gold I will give to you a store, And my pret-ty lit - tle daugh-ter that dwell-eth on the shore, Of__
4. Then the boy bared his breast, and__ straightway leaped in, And he held all in his hand an__ au-gur sharp and thin, And he

mf *mp*

fear she will be tak-en by a Span-ish Ga-la - lie,_ As she sails by the Low-lands low.
Span-ish Ga-la-lie,__ if no more it shall an-noy, As you sail by the Low-lands low.
treasure and of fee as well I'll give to thee ga-lore, As we sail by the Low-lands low.
swam un-til he came_ to the Spanish Gal-le-on,_ As she lay_ by the Low-lands low.

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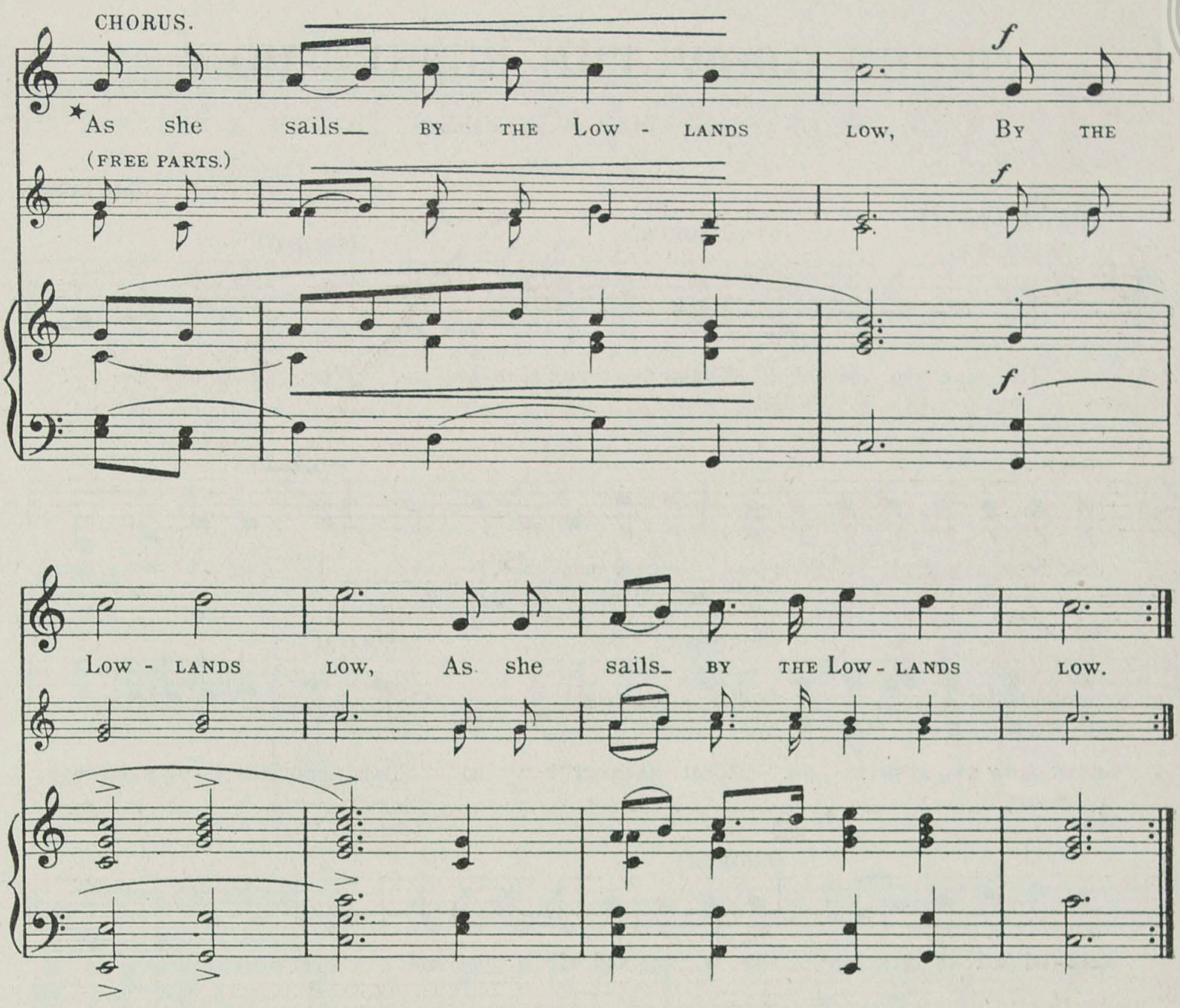

5.

He bored with the augur, he bored once and twice,
And some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
When the water flowed in it dazzl-ed their eyes,
And she sank by the Low-lands low

6.

So the Cabin-boy did swim all to the larboard side
Saying, Captain! take me in, I am drifting with the tide!
I will shoot you! I will kill you! the cruel Captain cried,
You may sink by the Low-lands low

7.

Then the Cabin-boy did swim all to the starboard side,
Saying, Messmates, take me in, I am drifting with the tide!
Then they laid him on the deck, and he closed his eyes and died,
As they sailed by the Low-lands low

8.

They sewed his body up, all in an old cow's hide,
And they cast the gallant Cabin-boy over the ship's side,
And left him without more ado adrifting with the tide,
And to sink by the Low-lands low.

*These three words must vary in accordance with the last line sung by the soloist.

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10 GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-HO.

(To be sung without accompaniment)

OLD SONG

(With spirit.)
f (SOLO I.)
(CHORUS.)
(SOLO II)
I'll sing you one - ho! GREEN GROW THE RUSH-ES - HO. What is your one - ho?
(SOLO I.)
(SOLO II)
One is one and all a - lone and e - ver more shall be so. I'll sing you two - ho!
(CHORUS.)
(SOLO I.)
(SOLO II.)
GREEN GROW THE RUSH-ES - HO. What are your two - ho? Two, two the li - ly-white boys,
(CHORUS.)
cloth - ed all in green-ho, One is one and all a - lone and e - ver-more shall be so.
(SOLO III.)
(CHORUS.)
(SOLO II.)
I'll sing you three - ho! GREEN GROW THE RUSH - ES - HO. What are your three - ho?
(SOLO III.)
(CHORUS.)
Three, three the ri - vals, Two, two the li - ly-white boys, cloth-ed all in green - ho,
One is one and all a - lone and ev - er - more shall be so.
(SOLO IV.)
(CHORUS.)
(SOLO III.)
I'll sing you four - ho! GREEN GROW THE RUSH- ES - HO. What are your four - ho?

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(SOLO IV.) (CHORUS.)

Four for the Gos-pel mak - ers, Three, three the ri - vals two, two the li - ly-white boys,

cloth - ed all in green - ho, One is one and all a - lone and e - ver-more shall be so.

(SOLOS V to XII.) (SOLOS IV to XI.)

I'll sing you { five - ho! / six - ho! / seven - ho! / eight - ho! / nine - ho! / ten - ho! / eleven - ho! / twelve - ho! } GREEN GROW THE RUSH-ES - HO. What are your { five - ho? / six - ho? / seven - ho? / eight - ho? / nine - ho? / ten - ho? / eleven - ho? / twelve - ho? }

(SOLOS V to XII)

5. Five for the sym - bols at your door and★ four for the Gos - pel mak - ers, (*on to 3*)
6. Six for the six proud walk - ers, (*to 5*)
7. Seven for the seven stars in the sky and six for the six proud walk - ers, (*to 5*)
8. Eight for the A - pril rain - ers, (*to 7*)
9. Nine for the nine bright shin - ers, (*to 8*)
10. Ten for the ten com - mand - ments, (*to 9*)
11. Eleven for the eleven went up to heaven and ten for the ten com - mand - ments (*to 9*)
12. Twelve for the twelve A - pos - tles, (*to 11*)

(CHORUS.)

f

THREE, THREE THE RI - VALS, TWO, TWO THE LI - LY-WHITE BOYS,

dim.

CLOTH-ED ALL IN GREEN-HO, ONE IS ONE AND ALL A-LONE AND EV - ER-MORE SHALL BE SO.

★The chorus break in as soon as each soloist has announced what his particular number is.

HOME SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. SIR HENRY BISHOP.

(*Expressively.*)

'Mid
An
To

Fine.

mf *p* *dim.* *pp*

plea - sures and pa - la - ces____ though we may roam, Be it
ex - ile from home splen-dour daz - zles in vain, O
thee I'll re-turn, ov - er - bur - dened with care, The

ev - er so hum - ble there's no place like home. A
give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain. The
heart's dear - est face will___ smile on me there. No

Third verse taken from the Fellowship Hymn Book.

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
birds sing - ing gai - ly that came at my call; Give me
more from that cot - tage a - gain will I roam, Be it

seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where.
these, with the peace of mind dear - er than all.
ev - er so hum - ble there's no place like home.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

HOME, HOME, SWEET, SWEET HOME, BE IT

(FREE PARTS.)

p

p

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

EV - - ER SO HUM - - BLE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

(*p*)

I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

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C. A. WHITE.

(*Not too slowly but with expression.*)

mp

I'se
I've

Fine.

mp

p

gwine back to Dix - ie, No more I'se gwine to wan - der; My
hoed in fields of cot - ton I've work'd up - on the riv - er; I

heart's turn'd back to Dix - ie, I can't stay here no lon - ger, I
used to think if I got off I'd go back there, no nev - er, But

miss de ole plan - ta - tion, My home and my re - la - tion, My
time has chang'd the old man, His head is bend - ing low,— His

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heart's turn'd back to Dix - ie And I must go.
heart's turn'd back to Dix - ie And I must go.

pp

(CHORUS)

p

I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIX - IE, I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIX - IE, I'SE GWINE WHERE THE

(FREE PARTS)

pp

pp

O - RANGE BLOS-SOMS GROW; FOR I HEAR THE CHIL - DREN CALL - ING, I

SEE THEIR SAD TEARS FALL-ING; MY HEART'S TURN'D BACK TO DIX - IE AND I MUST GO.

JOHN PEEL.

HUNTING SONG

Vigorously.

f

mf

1. D'ye ken John Peel with his
2. Yes, I ken John Peel and
3. Then here's to John Peel from my

mf

coat so gray D'ye ken John Peel at the break o' day, D'ye ken John Peel when he's
Ru - by too, Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True; From a find to a check, from a
heart and soul, Let's drink to his health, Let's finish the bowl, We'll follow John Peel thro'—

far, far away With his hounds and his horn in the morn - ing
check to a view, From a view to a death in the morn - ing.
fair and thro' foul, If we want a good hunt in the morn - ing.

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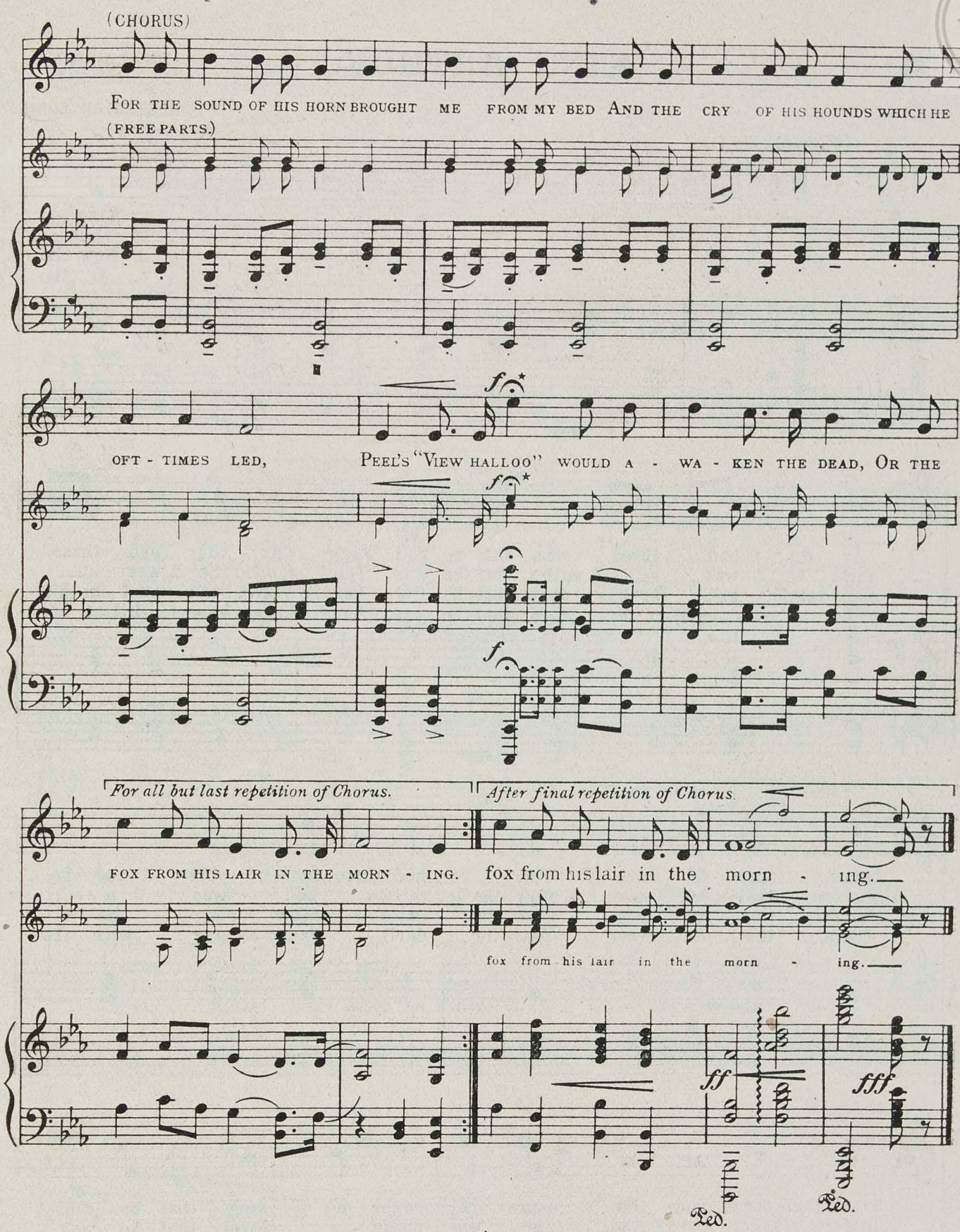

(CHORUS)
FOR THE SOUND OF HIS HORN BROUGHT ME FROM MY BED AND THE CRY OF HIS HOUNDS WHICH HE
(FREE PARTS.)
OFT - TIMES LED, PEEL'S "VIEW HALLOO" WOULD A - WA - KEN THE DEAD, OR THE
For all but last repetition of Chorus.
After final repetition of Chorus.
FOX FROM HIS LAIR IN THE MORN - ING.
fox from his lair in the morn - ing.
fox from his lair in the morn - ing.
Ped.
Ped.

4.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray,
He liv'd at Troutbeck once on a day;
Now he has gone far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

*This pause should be lengthened and strengthened more in each successive verse. For the last verse the chorus may be sung throughout very, very softly without the pause, then finally repeated in full force. On this last occasion yelps and realistic hunting noises may be added at pleasure by half the Chorus during the pause

KING ARTHUR.

DORSETSHIRE SONG.

(Vigorously.)

f

1. King
2. The
3. Now the
4. O the

f *mf*

Ar - thur had three sons, that he had, King Ar - thur had three
first he was a miller, that he was, The second he was a
miller stole grist for his mill, that he did, And the weaver stole wool for his
miller he was drown'd in his dam that he was, And the weaver he was killed at his

sons, that he had, He had three sons of yore and he
weaver, that he was, And the third he was a
loom, that he did, And the little tailor boy he
loom, that he was, But the devil ran a - way with the

kick'd them out of door, Be - cause they could - n't sing, that he did.
little tailor boy And he was might - y clever, that he was.
stole cordu - roy, For to keep those three rogues warm, that he did.
little tailor boy, With the broad - cloth un - der his arm, that he did.

Included with the kind consent of Miss Lucy Broadwood and Mr J. A. Fuller Maitland.

CHORUS.

f

Be - cause they could - n't sing, _____ be -
And he was might - y clev - er, and
For to keep those three rogues warm, _____ for to
With the broad - cloth un - der his arm, _____ with the

f (FREE PARTS.)

(THAT HE {DID, / WAS,)

f

- cause they could - n't sing, _____ He had three sons of yore And he
he was might - y clev - er, The third he was a
keep those three rogues warm, _____ And the little tailor boy he
broad - cloth un - der his arm, _____ But the devil ran a - way with the

(THAT HE {DID, / WAS,)

kick'd them out of door Be - cause they could - n't sing, that he did
little tailor boy, And he was might - y clever, that he was.
stole cordu - roy To keep those three rogues warm, that he did
little tailor boy With the broad - cloth un - der his arm, that he did

★

ff

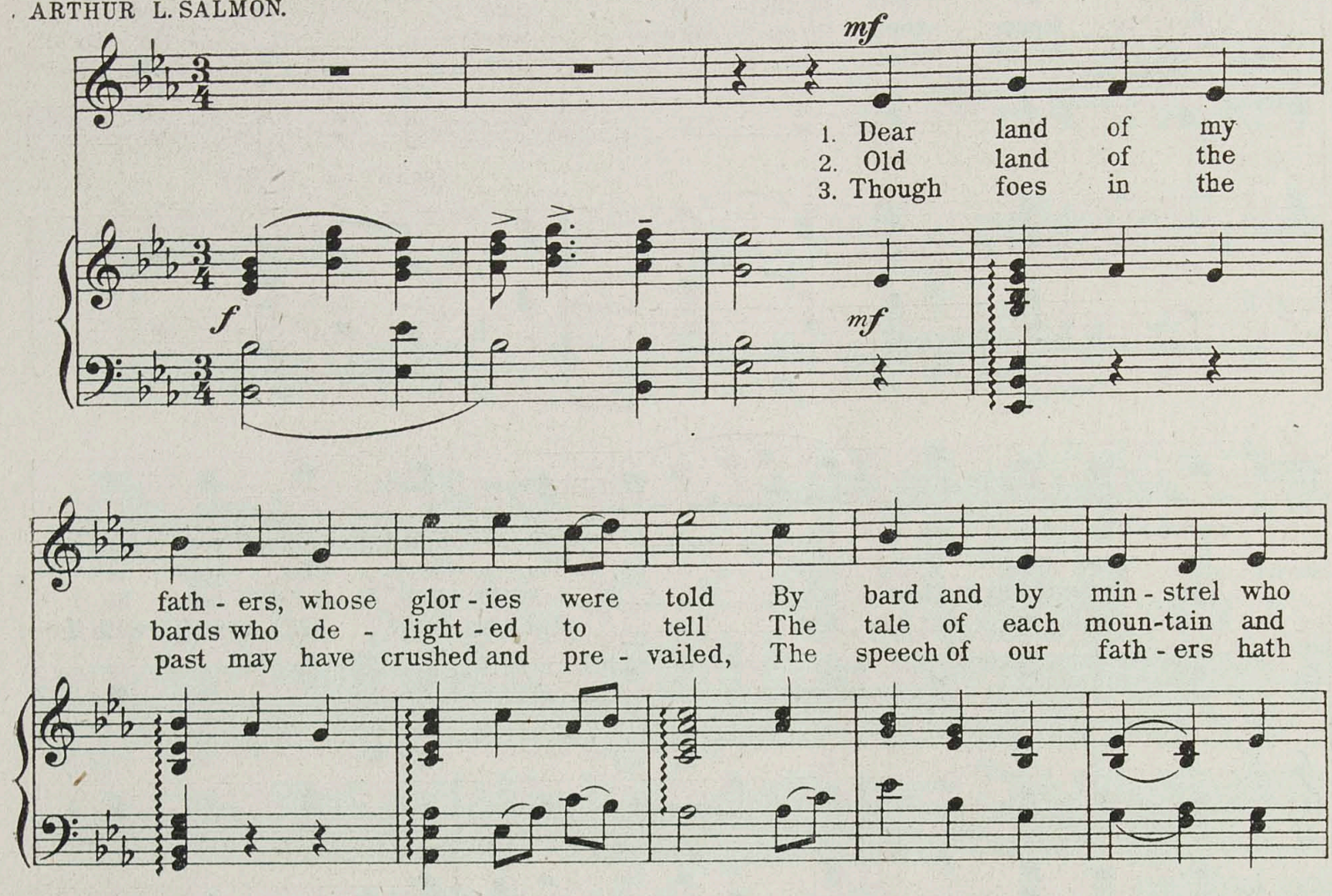
★Chorus to make any note or noise here, from a whisper to a shout.

LAND OF MY FATHERS.

(HEN WLAD FY NHADAU)

English version by
ARTHUR L. SALMON.

JOHN JAMES.


mf
1. Dear land of my
2. Old land of the
3. Though foes in the
f
mf
fath - ers, whose glor - ies were told By bard and by min - strel who
bards who de - light - ed to tell The tale of each moun-tain and
past may have crushed and pre - vailed, The speech of our fath - ers hath

loved thee of old– Dear coun - try whose sires, that their sons might be
up - land and dell– As dear as to them were thy wood lands and
ne - ver yet failed, And now we are one in a un - ion of
free, Have suf - fered and per - ished for Thee!
vales, So still do we love thee, dear Wales!
might, One na - tion, one peo - ple, one Right!

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(CHORUS)

f

WALES! WALES! LAND OF THE MIST AND THE WILD; WHER - E - VER I

(FREE PARTS)

f

f

ROAM, THOUGH FAR FROM MY HOME, THE MO-THER IS CAL - LING HER CHILD.

ALTERNATIVE CHORUS.

S.A.T.B.

Wales! Wales! Land of the mist and the wild; Wher - e - ver I

roam, though far from my home, The mo-ther is cal - ling her child.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

LEONARD MACNALLY. JAMES HOOK. (1779)

(*Lightheartedly*)

mf

1 On Rich-mond Hill there lives a lass More bright than May-day morn, Whose
2. Ye ze-phyr's gay that fan the air, And want-on through the grove, O
3. How hap-py will the shep-herd be Who calls this nymph his own! O

mf (*pp*)

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. ✻

charms all oth-er maids sur-pass, A rose with-out a thorn.
whis-per to my charm-ing fair I die for her I love.
may her choice be fix'd on me! Mine fix'd on her a-lone.

THIS LASS SO NEAT, WITH SMILES SO SWEET HAS WON MY RIGHT GOOD WILL, I'D

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

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CROWNS RE - SIGN TO CALL THEE MINE, SWEET LASS OF RICH - MOND HILL.

pp

Ped. ✻ Ped.

cresc.

SWEET LASS OF RICH - MOND HILL, SWEET LASS OF RICH - MOND

(FREE PARTS)

Sweet lass, sweet lass, of Rich - - mond

cresc.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

f *dim.*

HILL, I'D CROWNS RE - SIGN TO CALL_ THEE_ MINE, SWEET

f *dim.*

Hill, I'd crowns re - sign to call_ thee_ mine, Sweet

dim.

f

✻

LASS OF RICH - MOND HILL.

lass of Rich - mond Hill.

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17 A LIFT ON THE WAY.

EDWIN WAUGH

H. WALFORD DAVIES

Slowly but heartily.

1. Come, what's the use o' fratch-in' lads, this life's noan so long, So if you gath - er reawnd aw'll try my
2. Life's road is full of ruts, it's ve - ry slutchy and it's dree; And mo - ny a worn-eawt lim - per lies him
3. Good will it is a jew - el where there's little else to spare; An' a mon may help an - oth - er, tho' his

hond at a song; It may shew a guid - in' glim - mer to some
deawn there to dee; Then fleawnd - rin low i'th gut - ter, he looks
pouch may be bare; A gen - 'rous heart like sun - shine, brings good

wan - d'rer a - stray, Or hap - ly gi' some poor owd soul
reawnd wi' dis-may, To see if aught i'th world can gi',
cheer in it's ray, An' a friend-ly word can sometimes gi',

} A lift on the way.

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(CHORUS)
A LIFT ON THE WAY, A LIFT ON THE WAY, ★To hap-ly gi' some poor owd soul, A
(FREE PARTS)
A LIFT ON THE WAY, A LIFT ON THE WAY, ★To hap-ly gi' some poor owd soul, A
f
LIFT ON THE WAY.
LIFT ON THE WAY.
pp
ppp
Ped. * Ped.

4.

Like posies that are parchin' in the midsummer sun,
There's mony a poor heart faints afore the journey be run;
Then lay the dust wi' kindness, at the close of the day
An' gi' these droopin' travellers, a lift on the way.

5.

O soft be his pillow when he sinks deawn to rest,
That can keep the lamp o' charity alive in his breast;
May pleasant feelin's haunt him as he's dozin' away,
An' angels gi' him up above, a lift on the way.

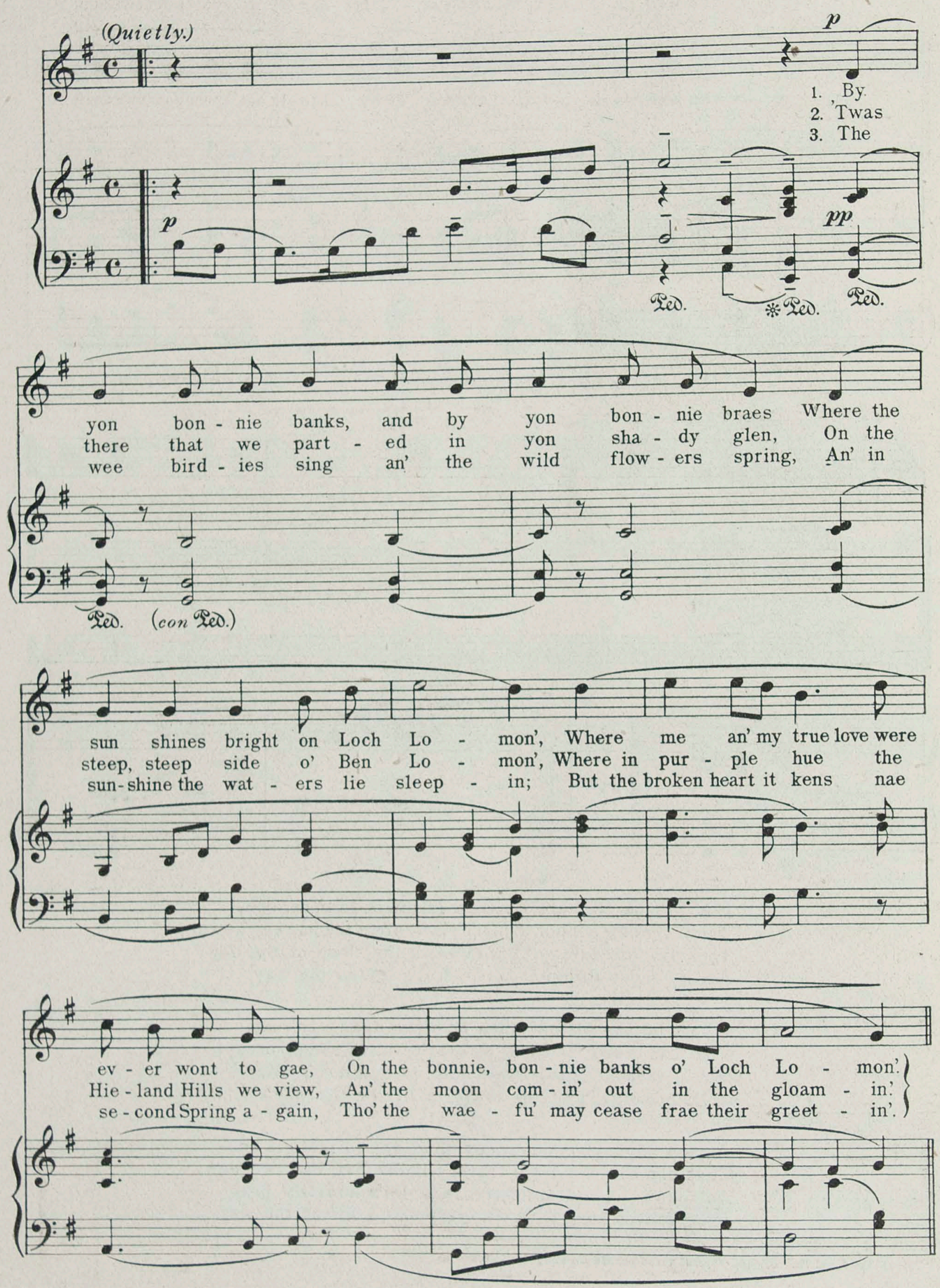
6.

Jog on my noble comrades, then, an' so mote it be,—
That hond in hond we travel till the day that we dee;
An' neaw to end my ditty, lads, let's heartily pray
That Heaven may give us, every one, a lift on the way.

★ Here the final line of each several verse should be sung in its turn.

LOCH LOMOND.

SCOTTISH MELODY.


(Quietly.)
p
1. By
2. 'Twas
3. The
p
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
yon bon - nie banks, and by yon bon - nie braes Where the
there that we part - ed in yon sha - dy glen, On the
wee bird - ies sing an' the wild flow - ers spring, An' in
Ped. (con Ped.)
sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mon', Where me an' my true love were
steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mon', Where in pur - ple hue the
sun-shine the wat - ers lie sleep - in; But the broken heart it kens nae
ev - er wont to gae, On the bonnie, bon - nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.
Hie - land Hills we view, An' the moon com - in' out in the gloam - in'.
se - cond Spring a - gain, Tho' the wae - fu' may cease frae their greet - in'.

(CHORUS)

mf

O YE'LL TAK' THE HIGH ROAD AND I'LL TAK' THE LOW ROAD, AND

(FREE PARTS)

mf

mf

I'LL BE IN SCOT - LAND A - FORE YE. BUT ME AN' MY TRUE LOVE WE'LL

cresc.

p

NEV - ER MEET A - GAIN ON THE BONNIE BON - NIE BANKS O' LOCH

pp

LO - MON!

pp

pp

Ped.

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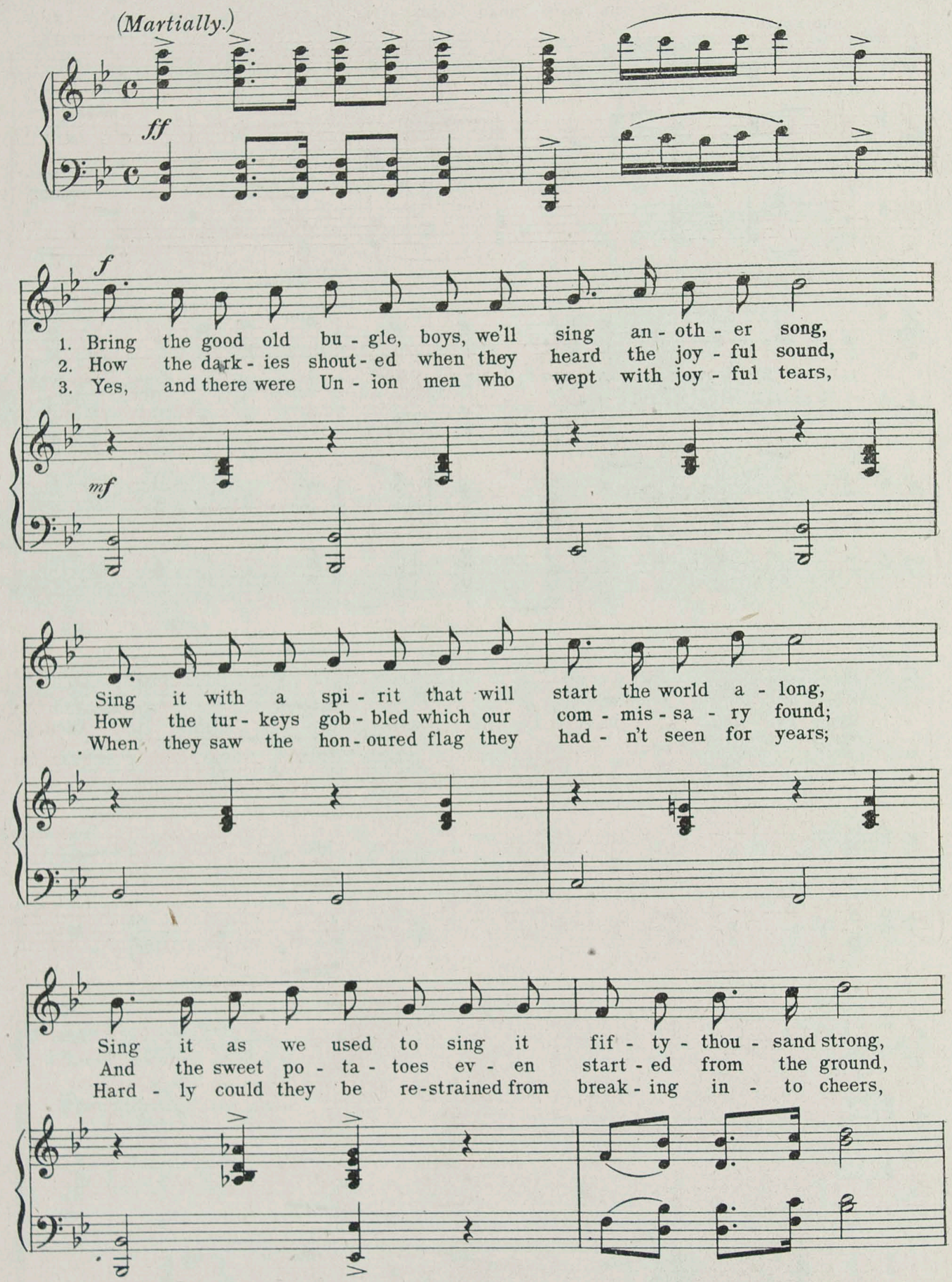
MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Words and Music by
H. C. WORK.


(Martially.)
ff
f
1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys, we'll sing an - oth - er song,
2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound,
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears,
mf
Sing it with a spi - rit that will start the world a - long,
How the tur - keys gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found;
When they saw the hon - oured flag they had - n't seen for years;
Sing it as we used to sing it fif - ty - thou - sand strong,
And the sweet po - ta - toes ev - en start - ed from the ground,
Hard - ly could they be re-strained from break - ing in - to cheers,

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(CHORUS.)

f

WHILE WE WERE MARCH-ING THROUGH GEOR - GIA. HUR - RAH! HUR - RAH! WE

(FREE PARTS)

f

f

BRING THE JU - BI - LEE! HUR - RAH! HUR-RAH! THE FLAG THAT MAKES YOU FREE!

SO WE SANG THE CHORUS FROM AT - LAN-TA TO THE SEA, WHILE WE WERE MARCHING THROUGH GEOR-GIA!

4.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast,"
So the saucy rebels said and 'twas a handsome boast;
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host,
Chorus: WHILE WE WERE MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA. *etc:*

5.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
Chorus: WHILE WE WERE MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA. *etc:*

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Translation by
ARTHUR L. SALMON.

ROUGET DE LISLE

(Martially and with dignity.)

f

1. Sons of
2. Let the

f

France, the day is dawn - ing, Let us go to meet its— light! See the
sa - cred love of coun - try Now sus - tain our arms in the fight. Be - ing

mf

ty - rant's host and the ban-ners of his boast As he comes to crush our—
led by the flame of the free-dom that we claim, And de - fend - ed by her—

f

right; Hear the voice of his sol - diers a - rise— From the
might; May Vic - to - ry march at our side— 'Neath our

f

fields to the lis - t'ning skies, They come with bit - ter hate to-day, To
ban-ners flut - t'ring wide! Till e'en our en - e - my shall see, Thy

snatch our chil - dren and to slay, To_ tear our dear-est ones a -
splen - did tri - umph, lib - er - ty, The_ glo - ry thou hast won, and

ff REFRAIN

-way;
we

TO ARMS,— YE TRUE AND BRAVE! NO TY - RANT SHALL EN-SLAVE, MARCH

ff

ff

ON, MARCH ON, RIGHT SHALL BE WON BY VIC - TORY OR THE GRAVE.

March on, march on,— Right shall be won by victory or the grave.

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21 MASSA'S IN DE COLD COLD GROUND.

Words and Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

(Slowly.)

1. Round de mea dows am a ring - in' De dark - ies mourn - ful song, While de mock-in' birds am sing - in',
2. Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him; Cause he was so kind; Now dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn - ing cause he leave dem be - hind. I

Hap - py as de day am long.

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Where de i - vy am a - creep - in' O'er de grass-y mound,
can - not work be-fore to - mor - row Cause de tear drop flow; I

Dere ole mas-sa- am a sleep - in', Sleepin' in de cold, cold ground.
try to drive a-way my sor - row Pick-in' on de old ban - jo.

(pp)

CHORUS.

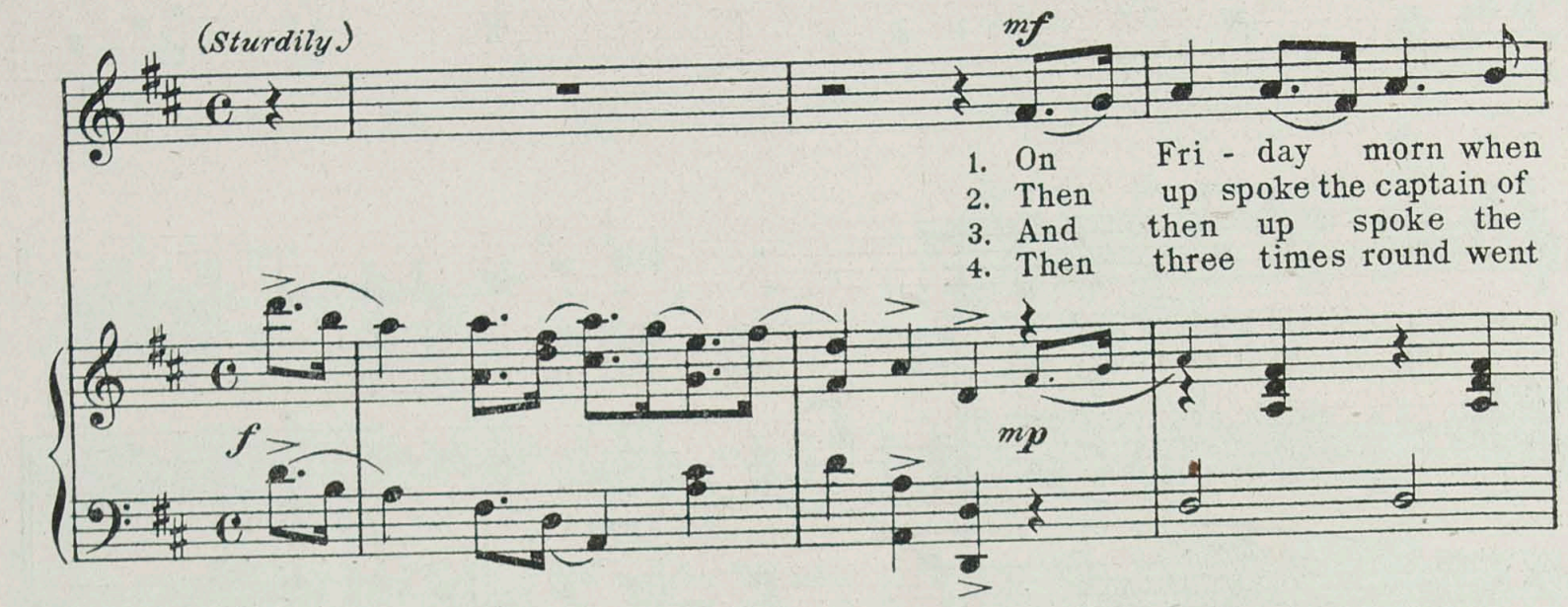
DOWN IN DE CORN FIELDS HEAR DAT MOURN - FUL SOUND;

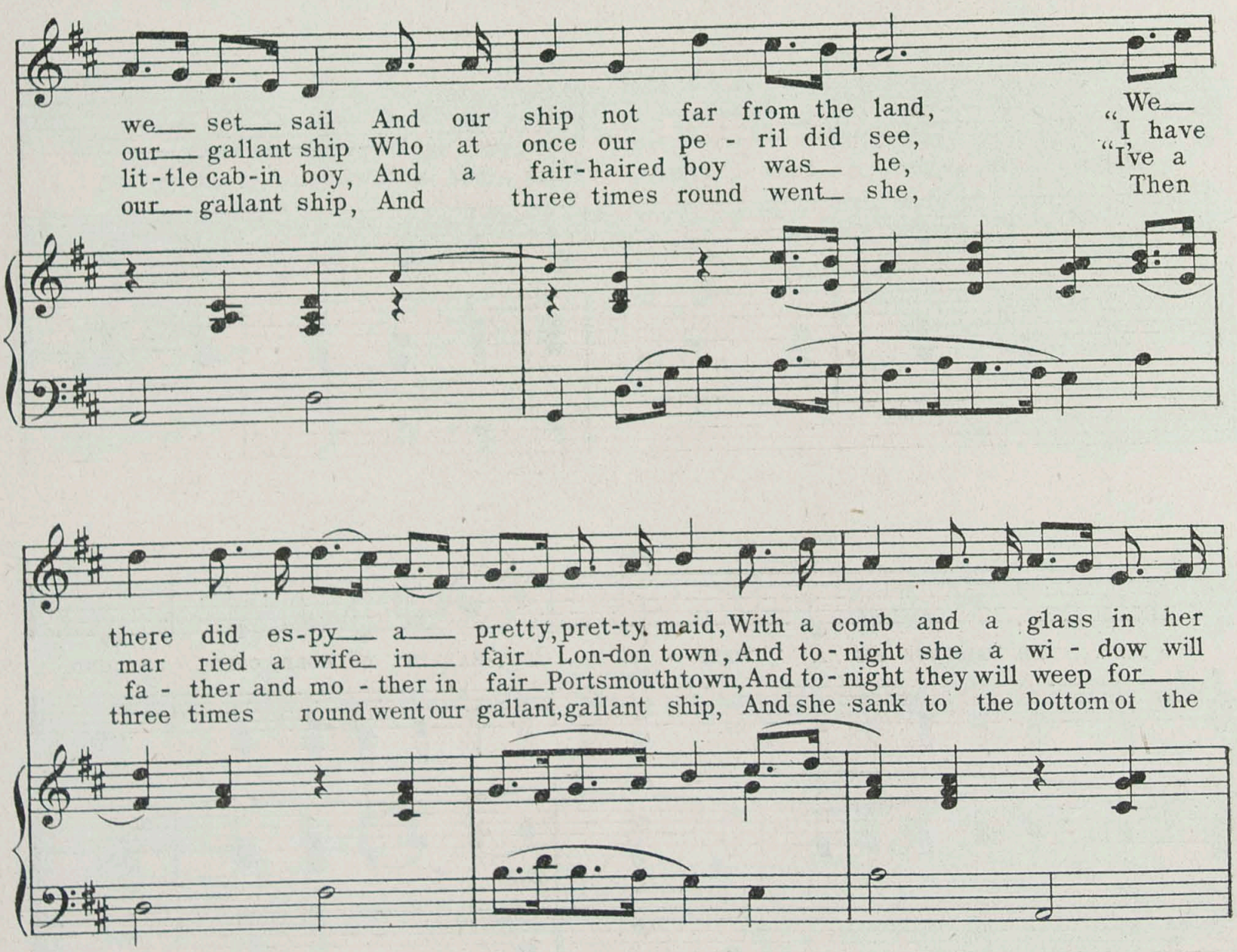
ALL DE DARK-EYS AM A WEEP - IN' MAS-SA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.

pp

THE MERMAID.

OLD ENGLISH SONG.




we set sail And our ship not far from the land, "We
our gallant ship Who at once our pe - ril did see, "I have
lit - tle cab - in boy, And a fair-haired boy was he, "I've a
our gallant ship, And three times round went she, Then
there did es-py a pretty, pret-ty maid, With a comb and a glass in her
mar ried a wife in fair Lon-don town, And to - night she a wi - dow will
fa - ther and mo - ther in fair Portsmouth town, And to - night they will weep for
three times round went our gallant, gallant ship, And she sank to the bottom of the

hand, her hand, her hand, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
be, will be, will be, And to - night she a wi - dow will be.
me, for me, for me, And to - night they will weep for___ me.
sea, the sea, the sea, And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

CHORUS.

WHILE THE RA - GING SEAS___ DID___ ROAR, AND THE STOR - MY WIND DID___

FREE PARTS.

BLOW; AND___ WE JOL - LY SAIL-OR BOYS WERE UP, WERE UP A - LOFT AND THE

LAND LUBBERS LY-ING DOWN BE-LOW, BE-LOW, BE-LOW, AND THE LAND LUBBERS LY-ING DOWN BE - LOW.

MY BONNIE.

AMERICAN

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(*Smoothly.*)

mf

1. My
2. O
3. Last
4. The

mp *espressivo*

Bon - nie is o - ver the o - cean,
blow ye winds o - ver the o - cean,
night as I lay on my pil - low,
winds have blown o - ver the o - cean,

My
O
Last
The

p (*gently*) (*pp*)

Bon - nie is o - ver the sea,
blow ye winds o - ver the sea,
night as I lay on my bed,
winds have blown o ver the sea,

My Bon - nie is o - ver the
O blow ye winds o - ver the
Last night as I lay on my
The winds have blown o - ver the

o - cean, O bring back my Bon - nie to me.
o - cean, And bring back my Bon - nie to me.
pil - low, I dreamed that my Bon - nie was dead.
o - cean, And brought back my Bon - nie to me.

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CHORUS.

BRING BACK, BRING BACK, BRING BACK MY BON - NIE TO

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to

ME, TO ME; BRING BACK, BRING BACK, O

me, to me; Bring back, bring back, O

BRING BACK MY BON - NIE TO ME!

bring back my Bon - nie to me!

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

ARTHUR L. SALMON

H. WALFORD DAVIES.

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(Slowly and thoughtfully)

p

mp

1. When the night sha - dows_ dim - ly steal a - round, Thoughts of his home a - rise,
   There as he pa - ces his nar - row plot of ground Un - der the brood - ing skies;
2. What are they say - ing— as they whis-per low? "God keep thee safe, my dear"
   They who were proud though sad that he should go.— *God keep us all from fear!*

Fine

Visions of his home and friends come near ____ And lov - ing voi - ces that he
Fighting for the truth that makes men free ____ Ah!_ have no fear__ of what thy

(cresc)

longs to hear Speak_ with a ten - der_ mes-sage to his ear, Un - der the brood-ing skies.
fate shall be; This___ be the an - swer_ back a-cross the sea, Back to the home-land dear.

(dim)

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LET THE BULLGINE RUN.

SAILORS' CHANTY.

(*Jauntily.*)

mf

1. O the smartest ves - sel you can find,
2. O the Mar-g'ret Evans of the Blue Cross line,
3. O___ shake her, wake her before we're gone,

} Ah

mf *mp*

HO, WAY O ARE YOU MOST DONE?

Is the Marg'ret Evans of the Blue Cross line,
She's nev-er a day be - hind her time,
O fetch that girl with the blue dress on,

} So

CHORUS.

CLEAR THE TRACK, LET THE BULL-GINE RUN. TIBBY HEY, RIG-A-GIG IN A JAUNTING CAR, AH HO, WAY - O ARE FREE PARTS.

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo*

YOU MOST DONE, WITH E - LI - ZA LEE ALL ON MY KNEE, SO CLEAR THE TRACK, LET THE BULL-GINE RUN.

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo*

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OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Words and Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

(Quietly and not too slowly.)

mp

p

1. 'Way down up - on de
2. All round de lit - tle
3. One lit - tle hut a -

pp

Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
farm I wan-der'd When I was young;
- mong de bush - es, One dat I love,

Dere's where my heart is turn - ing eb-ber: Dere's where de ole folks stay.
Den man - y hap - py days I squan-der'd, Man - y de songs I sung.
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam,
When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap - py was I.
When shall I see de bees a - hum-ming, All round de comb?

pp

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.*

Still long-ing for de ole plan - ta-tion And for de ole folks at home.
Oh take me to - my kind ole mud-der, Dere let me lib and die.
When shall I hear de ban - jo strum-ming, Down in my good ole home?

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

(CHORUS.)

mf

ALL DE WORLD AM SAD AND DREA - RY EB - RY - WHERE I ROAM;

mp

mf

O DARK-EYS, HOW MY HEART GROWS WEA-RY, FAR FROM DE OLE FOLKS AT HOME.

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THE ORDERLIES' SONG.

Tune adapted from that of
"SOLOMON LEVI"
by FRED SEAVER.

G. E. H. KEESEY

(Quickly)

mf

1. At six o' clock of a shin - ing morn we start our lit - tle day, —
2. When break-fasts done, we've but be - gun our wea - ry round of work, —
3. Now spot - ted dog's mag - -nifi - cent prog and so is Ir - ish stew, —
4. But still one crumb of chil - ly com-fort has the orderly got, —

mp

We wash the mugs and wipe the jugs, and clear the crumbs a - way: —
And e - vils light up - on the wight who tries his job to shirk; —
I'm a regu - lar glutton for roasted mutton when I haven't the washing to do; —
That when the rest have done their best why, he can finish the lot! —

We stoke the stoves and butter the loaves and neat - ly spread the
A ravening crowd that roars a - loud we feed with might and
But stains of tosh are easy to wash com-pared with stains of
One cheer - ing ray lights up the day when la - bour he would

squish, — Then tender-ly drop a por-ridge flop in ev - 'ry wait - ing dish
main, — And when they've sposh'd the plates we've washed, we wash them all a - gain.
fat, — I'd rather be fed on cheese and bread than wash for a week of that!
spurn — That when he's played the scul - lery maid, the others will have their turn!

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(CHORUS)

f

O OR-DER-LY, OR-DER-LY, O THE OR-DER-LY DAY, POOR SORE OR-DER-LY,

f (FREE PARTS)

f

TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA- SIX O'CLOCK OF A SHIN-ING MORN WE START OUR LITTLE DAY, — AND

ALL DAY LONG WE ARE MAK-ING MEALS OR CLEARING MEALS A-WAY AND ITS "OR-DER-LY! SQUISH!" "OR-DER-LY, TOSH!"

Ped.

"OR-DER-LY, TEA THIS WAY!" — O WHO WOULD BE AN OR-DER-LY UP-ON AN OR-DER-LY DAY?

*Shouted rather than sung. At the last these orders may be roared out by the whole chorus.

SO EARLY IN DE MORNING.

AMERICAN.

Briskly. *(last verse more slowly.)*

mf

1. South Car - o - lina's a sul-try clime, We used to work in the summer-time;
2. When I was young I used to wait, On mas-sa's ta - ble lay de plate;
3. Now mas-sa's dead and gone to rest, Of all de mas - sa's he war best; I

p

Mas - sa 'neath de shade would lay While we poor nig - gers toiled all day.
Pass de bot - tle when him dry, Brush a - way de blue-tailed fly.
nebber see de like since I was born, Miss him now he's dead and gone.

(CHORUS.)

So_ EAR - LY IN DE MORN - ING, So_ EAR - LY IN DE MORN - ING, So_

(FREE PARTS)

last verse only.

EAR - LY IN DE MORN - ING, BE - FORE DE BREAK OF DAY. BE - FORE DE BREAK OF DAY.

SOME FOLKS DO.

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(Lightheartedly.)

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. Some folks like to sigh,
2. Some folks fret and scold,
3. Some folks get grey hairs,
4. Some folks toil and save,

SOME FOLKS DO, SOME FOLKS DO;

Some folks long to die,
Soon be dead and cold,-
Brooding ov - er cares,-
To buy themselves a grave,-

BUT

f (CHORUS)

THAT'S NOT ME NOR YOU. LONG LIVE THE MERRY, MERRY HEART THAT LAUGHS BY NIGHT AND

(FREE PARTS)

f

Ped. * Ped. *

DAY, LIKE THE QUEEN OF MIRTH,- NO MAT-TER WHAT SOME FOLKS SAY.

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30. STRAWBERRY FAIR.

FOLK SONG.

(Merrily throughout)

p

1 As I was going to Straw - berry Fair,
2 Kind Sir, pray pick of my bas - ket she said,
3 Your cher - ries soon will be was - ted a - way
4 I want to pur - chase a gener - ous heart,
5 The price I offer, my sweet pretty maid,

Fine.

SING - ING, SING - ING, BUT-TER-CUPS AND DAIS - IES,

I met a maid - en
My cher - ries ripe, or my
Your ros - es wither and
A tongue that neither is
A ring of gold on your

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taking her ware, Fol - de - dee! Her eyes were blue and
ros - es red, Fol - de - dee! My straw - berries sweet I
nev - er stay, Fol - de - dee! 'Tis not to seek such
nimble nor tart, Fol - de - dee! An hon - est mind, but such
fin - ger dis-played, Fol - de - dee! So come, make o - ver to

golden her hair, As she went on to Straw - berry Fair.
can of them spare, As I go on to Straw - berry Fair.
perish - ing ware That I am tramp-ing to Straw - berry Fair.
tri - fles are rare, I doubt if they're found at Straw - berry Fair.
me your ware, In church to - day at Straw - berry Fair.

CHORUS. (may well be repeated)

RI - FOL, RI - FOL, TOL - DE-RID-DLE-LI - DO, RI - FOL, RI - FOL, TOL - DE-RID-DLE-DEE.

(FREE PARTS.)

TWENTY EIGHTEEN.

FOLK SONG.
(collected by Mr John Graham in Norfolk.)

(*Brightly.*)

mf

1. Ho yon - der stands a charm-ing crea - ture Who she is I do not know; I'll go and court her
2. Ho Ma - dam, I come for to court you, If your fa-vour I may gain; And if you will
3. Ho Ma - dam, I rings and jew - els, Ma - dam, I have house and land, Ma - dam, I have
4. Ho what care I rings and jew - els, What care I for your house and land, What care I for your

f *Fine.* *p*

for her beau - ty Till she do say 'yes' or 'no'.
en - ter - tain me Per - haps I may come this way a - gain.
wealth of treas - ures, All shall be at your com - mand.
wealth of treas - ures? All I want is a hand - some man

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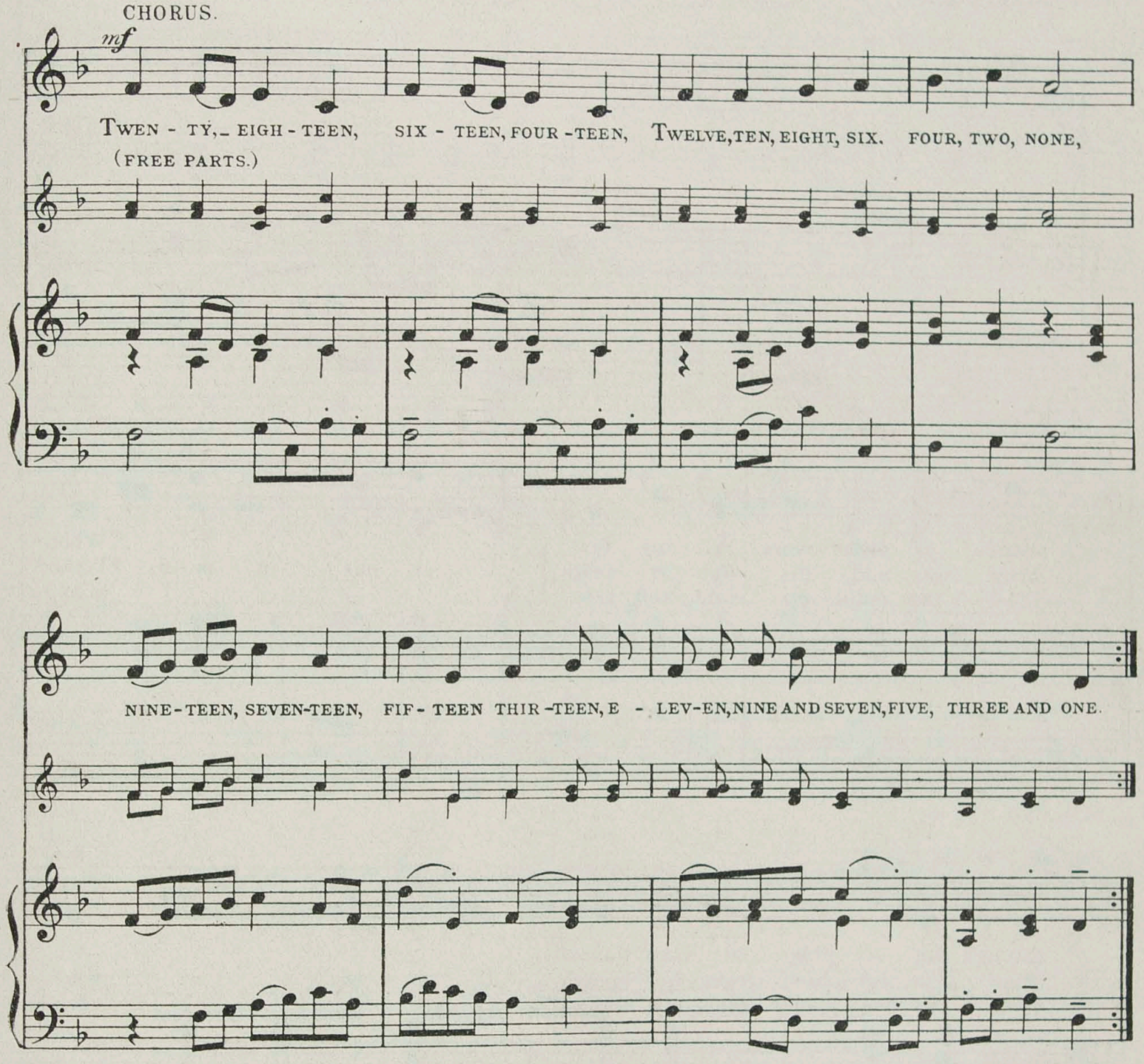
CHORUS.


mf
TWEN - TY,_ EIGH - TEEN, SIX - TEEN, FOUR -TEEN, TWELVE, TEN, EIGHT, SIX. FOUR, TWO, NONE,
(FREE PARTS.)
NINE - TEEN, SEVEN-TEEN, FIF - TEEN THIR -TEEN, E - LEV-EN, NINE AND SEVEN, FIVE, THREE AND ONE.

5.

Ho! first come cowslips, then come daisies,
First comes night and then comes day;
First comes the new love, then comes the old one,
So we pass our time away.

6.

Ho! the ripest apple is the soonest rotten,
The hottest love is soonest cold;
Lover's vows are soon forgotten,
So, young man, be not so bold.

UPIDEE.

FROM LONGFELLOW

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mf

1. The
2. His
3. "O

mf

p

shades of night were fall - ing fast,
brow was sad, his eye be - neath,
stay," the maid - en said, "and rest

U - PI - DEE, U - PI - DA,

When
Flashed
Thy

through an Al - pine vil - lage passed,
like a fal - chion from its sheath,
wea - ry head up - on my breast."

U - PI - DEE - I - DA,

A
And
A

rit.

youth who bore 'mid snow and ice, A ban - ner with this strange de - vice:
like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac - cent of that un-known tongue:
tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he an - swer'd with a sigh:

p

CHORUS

𝄋 *a tempo.*

U - PI - DEE - I - DEE - I - DA, U - PI - DEE, U - PI - DA,

FREE PARTS.

Fine.

U - PI - DEE - I - DEE - I DA, U - PI - DEE - I DA.

Fine.

cresc

f

ff

D.𝄋 al Fine.

R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R YA YA YA YA.

f

ff

4.

At break of day as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air.

5.

A traveller by the faithful hound
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device.

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WANDER-THIRST.

GERALD GOULD.

H. WALFORD DAVIES.

(Full of life.)

1. Be - yond the East the sun - rise, be -
2. I know not where the white road runs, nor
3. Yon - der the long ho - ri - zon lies, and

(As a quiet under-current)

pp

sempre con Pedale

- yond the West the sea, — And East and West the
what the blue hills are, — But a man can have the
there by night and day — The old ships draw to

wan - der - thirst that will not let me be; It —
sun for friend, and for his guide a star; And —
home a - gain, the young ships sail a - way; And —

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works in me like mad - ness,dear, to bid me say Good -
there's no end of voy - ag - ing when once the voice is
come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you

- bye; For the seas call and the stars call, and
heard, For the riv - er calls and the road calls, and
why, You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the

oh! the call of the sky.
oh! the call of a bird.
white road and the sky.

p

last verse only

8

This may be sung in E major.

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WHO'S THAT A-CALLING.

Words and Music by
J. B. LAWREER.

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(*Quietly.*)

p

1. The moon is beam-ing o'er the
2. The leaves are rust-ling 'neath the

p (*p*) *pp*

spark-ling rill,
star - lit sky,
WHO'S THAT A - CALL-ING?
The flowers are sleep-ing on the
The stream-let mur-murs as it

plain and hill,
pass - es by,
WHO'S THAT CALL-ING SO SWEET?
While the birds are rest-ing till the
O is it a message from a -

(*pp*)

gold en dawn,
- cross the sea,
WHO'S THAT A - CALL - ING?
'Twas
O

like the sing-ing of the one now gone,
is it my dar-ling who now speaks to me,
WHO'S THAT CALL-ING SO SWEET?

(CHORUS.)

WHO'S THAT A - CALL-ING, WHO'S THAT A - CALL-ING, IS IT ONE WE

(FREE PARTS)

pp (Unison)

S.A.T.B. or INSTRUMENT

Who's that a - call-ing? Who's that a - call-ing, Is it one we

LONG TO GREET? WHO'S THAT A - CALL-ING,

long to greet? Who's that a - call-ing,

WHO'S THAT A - CALL-ING, WHO'S THAT A - CALL-ING SO SWEET?

Who's that a - call-ing, Who's that a - call-ing so sweet?

WIDDECOMBE FAIR.

FOLK SONG.

(Not slowly.)

mf

1. Tom
2. And
3. Then
4. So Tom

Fine

mf *p*

Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,
when shall I see again my—— grey mare?
Fri - day came and Sa - tur - day noon,
Pearce he got up to the top of the hill,

ALL A-LONG DOWN A-LONG OUT A-LONG LEE

For I
By
Tom
And he

want for to go— to Wid - de-combe Fair.
Fri - day soon or Sa - tur - day noon.
Pearce's old mare hath not trot - ted home.
seed his old mare a - mak - ing her will.

WI' BILL BREWER, JAN STEWER, PETER GURNEY, PETER DAVY, DAN'L

f

WHIDDON, HARRY HAWK, OLD UN - CLE TOM COB-LEIGH AND ALL, —— OLD UN - CLE TOM COB-LEIGH AND ALL. —

(FREE PARTS.) *f*

f

5. So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died
And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried.
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.

6. But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career-
Of Bill Brewer etc.

7. When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear gashly white-
Wi' Bill Brewer etc.

8. And all the long night be heard skirling and groans
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones.
And from Bill Brewer etc.

*S.A.T.B. Chorus may sing the accompaniment here, if desired to have fuller harmonies.

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36 WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN.

LADY NAIRNE. SCOTTISH MELODY.

(Slowly.)

mp

1. Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa',
2. Hills he trod were all his ain,
3. Sweet the lav'- rock's note and lang,

pp *pp*

Safe - ly owre the friendly main, Mo-ny a heart will break in twa Should he ne'er come back a-gain.
Bed beneath the birk - en tree, The bush that hid him on the plain None on earth can claim but he.
Lilt - in' wild-ly up the glen, But aye to me he sings ae song,–"Will ye no come back a-gain?"

CHORUS.

WILL YE NO COME BACK A - GAIN? WILL YE NO COME BACK A - GAIN?

(FREE PARTS)

(WILL YE NO?)

(S) (A) (T) (B)

BET - TER LO'ED YE CAN - NA BE,– WILL YE NO COME BACK A - GAIN?

p

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37 THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES O.

FOLK SONG.

(With a good swing.)

mf

mf

Three gip - sies stood at the Cas - tle gate, They
They_ sang so sweet, they_ sang so shrill, That
She_ pluck - ed off her_ high - heeled shoes, A -
O_ saddle to me my_ milk - white steed, And

p

sang so high, they sang so low, The La - dy sate in her
fast her tears be - gan to flow, And she laid down her_
- made of Span - ish_ leath - er O! She would in the street with her
go and fetch me my po - ny O! That I may ride and_

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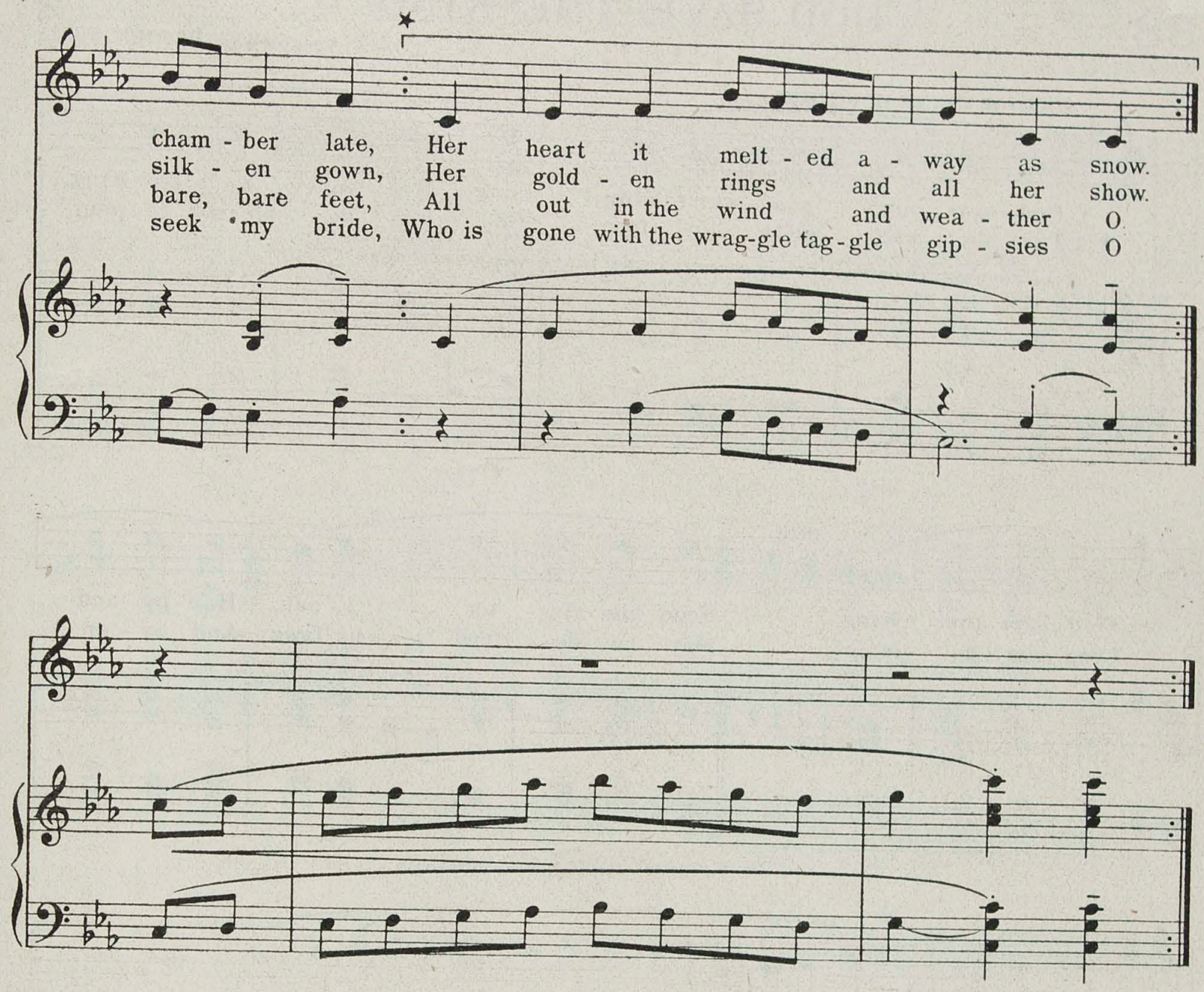
cham - ber late, Her heart it melt - ed a - way as snow.
silk - en gown, Her gold - en rings and all her show.
bare, bare feet, All out in the wind and wea - ther O
seek my bride, Who is gone with the wrag-gle tag-gle gip - sies O

5 O he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!

6. What makes you leave your house and land?
Your golden treasure for to go?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,
To follow the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

7. What care I for my house and my land?
What care I for my treasure, O?
What care I for my new-wedded lord,
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

8. Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
And to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

9. What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!

* The last line of each verse may well be echoed by Chorus in unison, instead of the short piano interlude.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Ascribed to Dr JOHN BULL.

SOLO (OR VOICES IN UNISON.)

f

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,
★(2. Thy choic - est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour,

(FOR FOUR VOICES OR FOR ACCOMPANIMENT WHEN THERE ARE FEW SINGERS.)

f

God save the King. Send him vic - tor - i - ous, Hap - py and
Long may he reign. May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er

glo - ri - ous, Long to reign ov - er us, God save the King.
give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.)

VOICES OF ALL ASSEMBLED.

2. Thy choicest gifts in store On him be pleased to pour, Long may he reign.

(FREE ACCOMPANIMENT WHEN THERE ARE MANY VOICES.)

ff

★For use when the unison version given below is inappropriate.

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May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause

To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

(Alternative Version for like voices without accompaniment.)

TENOR (OR TREBLE) VOICE

God save our ★Lord the King, Long live our no - ble King,

MEDIUM AND BASS (OR ALTO) VOICES.

God save the King. Send him vic - tor - i - ous, Hap-py and

glo - ri - ous, Long to reign ov - er us, God save the King.

★The Pre-Victorian version of the first line

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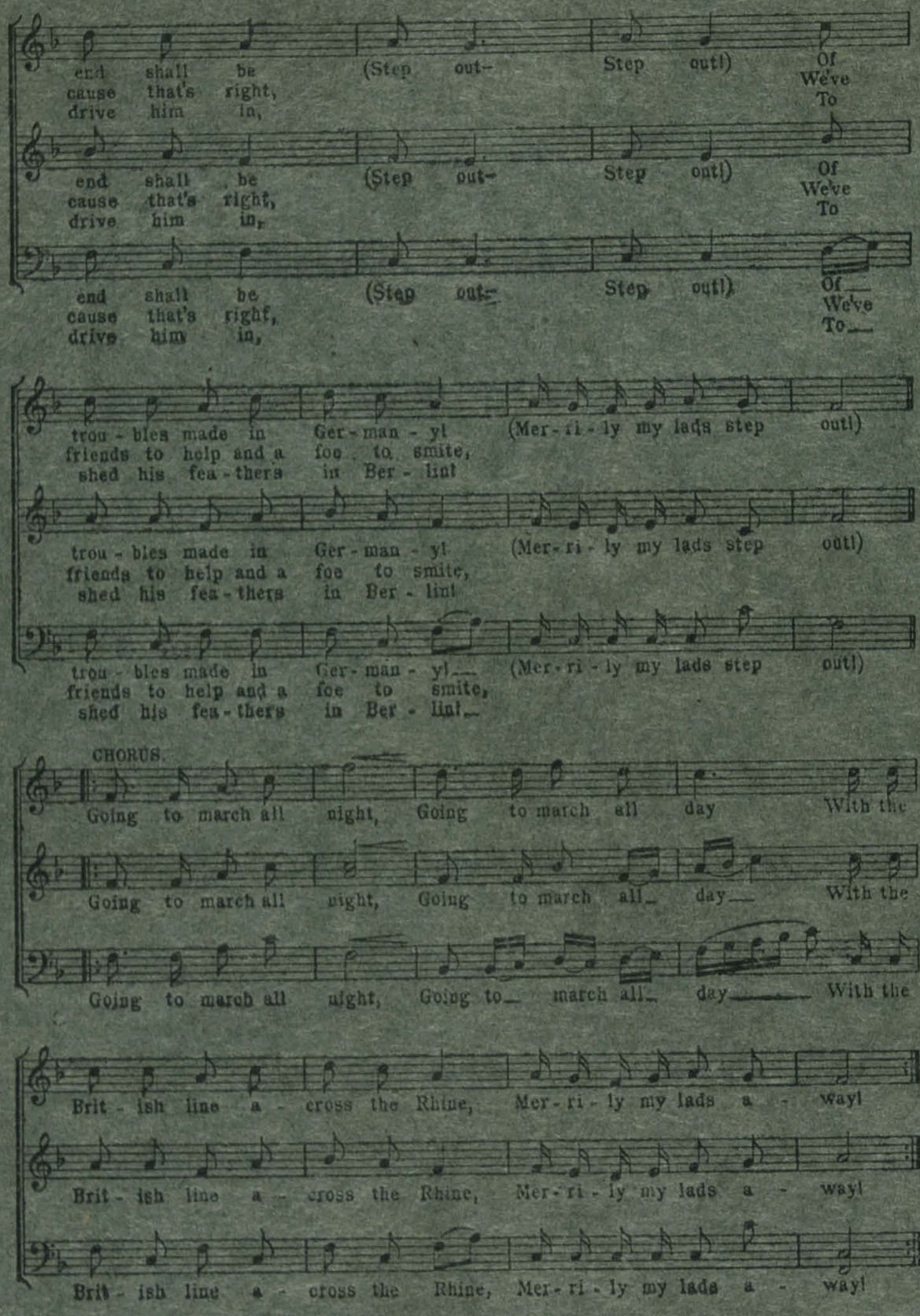
Thirty Songs Old and New

Arranged for Men's Voices

BY

H. WALFORD DAVIES


end shall be (Step out- Step out!) Of
cause that's right, We've
drive him in, To
end shall be (Step out- Step out!) Of
cause that's right, We've
drive him in, To
end shall be (Step out- Step out!) Of
cause that's right, We've
drive him in, To
trou - bles made in Ger - man - y! (Mer - ri - ly my lads step out!)
friends to help and a foe to smite,
shed his fea - thers in Ber - lin!
trou - bles made in Ger - man - y! (Mer - ri - ly my lads step out!)
friends to help and a foe to smite,
shed his fea - thers in Ber - lin!
trou - bles made in Ger - man - y! (Mer - ri - ly my lads step out!)
friends to help and a foe to smite,
shed his fea - thers in Ber - lin!
CHORUS.
Going to march all night, Going to march all day With the
Going to march all night, Going to march all day With the
Going to march all night, Going to march all day With the
Brit - ish line a - cross the Rhine, Mer - ri - ly my lads a - way!
Brit - ish line a - cross the Rhine, Mer - ri - ly my lads a - way!
Brit - ish line a - cross the Rhine, Mer - ri - ly my lads a - way!

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